

# THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## Refuge of Sinners

Holy Mary, Virgin mild,  
Listen to my humble prayer:  
Smile upon thy erring child,  
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

See thy child with sorrow mourn  
O'er the sins of bygone years:  
Mary, leave me not forlorn,  
Pity my repentant tears.

Queen of Heaven! Sinless Maid!  
Thou shalt ever be my guide:  
All my hopes in thee are laid,  
While the storms of life abide.

On the gloomy sea of life,  
Where the raging billows toss,  
Aid me in this painful strife,  
Teach me how to bear the cross.

Now behold my heart is given,  
Dearest Mother, all to thee:  
Guide me safely on to Heaven,  
Star of life's dark, stormy sea.

Holy Mary, lend thy aid,  
When the hour of death shall come:  
When this world from me shall fade,  
Oh, call then my spirit home.

*M. S. Burke, C. Ss. R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### TALKING ABOUT MARRIAGE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The autumn woods had been calling to Father Casey. That is why he looked forward to this parish picnic. They parked their cars inside the fence of Dugan's pasture, and carried the supplies to a tree-covered bluff overlooking the river. After answering a hundred questions and settling a thousand doubts, after checking up on the baker, the butcher and the ice man, and appointing substitutes for the various officials who had failed to keep their appointment, the good priest took his favorite book and sought out a quiet spot where he could drink in the beauties of nature and be happy.

Seating himself on the thick cushion of crackling leaves at the foot of a magnificent elm, he was soon lost in the contemplation of the scene. October's frosts had touched the green dress of the trees, transforming it into pure gold in the poplars and willows and sycamores, and to a riot of richer colors in the oaks and maples. Here and there among the trees blazed the dying sumachs like living fires licking at their trunks. Across the river, a clearing, which had been a wheat field last summer, now displayed in its withered grasses a score of varying shades of drab and brown.

"Just as if," murmured Father Casey, "nature had chosen the most restful colors for the bed where she will take her dreamless winter sleep. I wonder which is more soothing and peaceful, that level stretch of grass-grown farm land or the Indian Summer haze upon the distant hills. I could linger here for days—ugh! the ground is damp—just what will bring on another attack of my rheumatism—"

He rubbed away the floating cobweb tickling his nose and made a frantic dash to intercept some species of hard-shelled bug that was just crawling inside his collar. After finding that he had been inadvertently stirring up the fury of a well populated ant-hill and that the book he laid down beside him had crushed an unusually large and tender caterpillar, he heard a rustling in the leaves behind him.

"A snake, I suppose, to cap the climax!" he cried, and sprang to his feet. To his relief, he saw that it was a group of the picnickers come to discuss parish gossip with their pastor.

"Oho, Father Tim!" cried Adelaide; "you are going to marry Julius Handsell and Birdie Slattery at last! How did she do it? We all thought that Julius' courting would, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. Will you marry them with a Solemn Jubilee Mass? It is the Golden Jubilee of their birthday at the very least!"

"Indeed," he returned, "I am not going to marry them at all."

"Well! For mercy's sake! They have been called out three times! And so they won't be married after all! What has happened?"

"To my deep regret," he stated, with tantalizing deliberation, "I must disappoint your charitable solicitude; there is no scandal whatever to relate. Nothing has happened. Julius and Birdie will be married as announced. I merely mentioned that I shall not marry them."

"Then they won't be married in St. Mary's! Now that's a shame! We were all counting on being there to witness fifty-year-old Birdie sacrificing her young life on Hymen's altar—isn't that what they call it?"

"Oh, yes, they will be married in St. Mary's," said the priest.

"Then who is going to perform the marriage?" asked Adelaide.

"Julius Handsell and Birdie Slattery!"

"Aw, Father Tim, why do you want to be so mean?"

"I am not mean; I am exact. Julius Handsell and Birdie Slattery are going to perform their own marriage. I shall merely assist as official witness, much the same as a notary public assists at ordinary contracts. And after they have performed the marriage I shall bless it. Since you people are so intensely interested in marriage, I should expect you to know at least what the Catechism teaches about it."

"Intensely interested!" sniffed Adelaide. "Now, if you please, we are not interested *at all*. I'm sure, I, for one, would far rather talk about—about—diphtheria, or funerals, or federal income tax, or something, than about marriage."

Bertha, who was more honest, did not scruple to acknowledge her curiosity by asking what they all wanted to know.

"Father, why do you say that the couple marries themselves—that the priest does not marry them?"

"Because marriage is a contract. Contracts are performed by the parties who make them, not by the official who witnesses them."

"Oh, that's why!" they murmured.

"Once you have clearly in mind the fact that marriage is a contract, you see all that necessarily follows."

"Yes, Father," they said.

"What?"

As they did *not* see, nobody ventured to answer. Father Casey therefore continued:

"It follows, first, that their consent must be free and deliberate. The free consent of both parties is necessary for the validity of a contract. If, for example, a girl were to marry a man she did not want, solely because she was afraid of her parents, her consent, lacking freedom, would be invalid, and the marriage would be null and void. Second, both the man and woman must be capable of marriage, that is, they must not be incapacitated on account of an existing previous marriage or for any other cause. If one member of a firm were to contract to sell the corporate property without proper authorization from his partners, the contract would have no binding force. He would be trying to dispose of something which he did not have the right to dispose of. So, too, if a woman were to attempt to marry one man while she belonged to another by virtue of a former marriage, the contract would be worthless. She belongs to her first husband. She cannot dispose of what does not belong to her. Third, there must be no substantial error. Suppose your intended husband dies suddenly a few hours before the time set for the marriage. The sad news is kept secret from you. His twin brother—his perfect double—comes to the church and goes through the ceremony with you. It is no marriage. There is a substantial error. The man at the altar is not the man you think he is."

"Then," said Adelaide, "if a man deceives me—makes me think that he is rich, of an aristocratic family, gentle and affectionate, and all that, and after marriage I learn that he is poor, low down, cranky—"

The priest hastened to interrupt her.

"Those are accidental errors. They do not in any way affect the validity of the marriage contract. The only error that invalidates a marriage is a substantial error—mistaking one person for another. That is what you have often heard mentioned as the impediment of error."

"Father, who makes impediments?"

"Taking impediments in the widest sense, they are made, first, by the very nature of the case. Anything that would destroy the essence



of the contract would be an impediment of this kind. Secondly, they are made by God. Thirdly, they are made by God's Church."

"But, Father, if a man and woman freely consent to marriage, how can the Church prevent their marriage from being valid?"

"If a man freely determines that all his property is to go to a certain person after his death, does that person always get it?"

"Not unless the will be legal."

"Exactly! A will is a material contract. The State has jurisdiction over a material contract. For the general good, the State lays down certain conditions for the validity of a will. If one of these conditions is wanting, the will is declared invalid. In like manner, marriage is a contract, but a sacred, sacramental contract. The Church of God, not the State, has jurisdiction over a sacramental contract. For the general good, in order to safeguard the sanctity of marriage, and the interests of the Christian home, the Church lays down certain conditions for the validity of this sacramental contract. If one of these conditions is wanting, the marriage is invalid. The absence of one of these conditions is called a nullifying impediment."

"But I have known cases where the priest married a couple in spite of a nullifying impediment."

"What the Church places, the Church can take away. She determines those nullifying impediments for the general good. When, in an individual instance, it would be better if the impediment did not exist, the Church can suspend her law for that individual case. That is what we call dispensing from an impediment."

"Please, Father, give us an example," said Adelaide.

"Very well! Take yourself, for instance—"

"Oh, no! Don't take me—it makes me feel so stupid to be taken for instance. Take Bertha."

He paid no heed to her protests but went on: "Take yourself, for instance. Suppose you go on a few years longer without catching a man."

"I'm not trying to catch a man!"

"And suppose," he continued heartlessly, "that, contrary to all expectation, an unbaptized widower comes along and offers to take you. Everybody sees it is your last chance. But the fact that you are a baptized Catholic, and he is unbaptized, constitutes, by the law of the Church, a nullifying impediment. It is productive of good to the

world at large that it should be an impediment, but in your particular case it is productive of evil. The Church is kind. A dispensation is applied for through the proper channels. She graciously grants it—and at last you get a man."

"If it were not an impediment made by the Church, but an impediment made by God or by the very nature of the case, could the Church grant a dispensation?" asked Bertha.

"If it were not an impediment placed by the Church, the Church could not remove it."

"For example?" suggested one of the bystanders, but this time it was not Adelaide.

"For example, the bond of a former marriage. While you are bound to a living husband there is an impediment in the way of your marrying another. That impediment is placed by God: the Church cannot touch it."

"Father, you told us that, to be exact, we must say Julius and Bertha perform the marriage of Julius and Bertha, because marriage is a contract and they are the parties that make the contract. But marriage is also a sacrament, and so we can say, Father Timothy Casey administers the sacrament of Matrimony to Julius and Bertha."

"What is a sacrament?"

"A sacrament is an outward sign instituted by Christ to give grace."

"Good! And whoever places the outward sign, administers the sacrament. In Baptism, what is the outward sign?"

"The pouring of the water and the pronouncing of the words."

"Then who administers the sacrament of Baptism?"

"Whoever pours the water and pronounces the words."

"Good, again! Now, in Matrimony the outward sign is the giving and accepting of each other for man and wife—in other words, the contract. Then, who places the outward sign?"

"Why, I suppose, the parties that make the contract."

"Then, who administers the sacrament of Matrimony?"

"The bride and groom."

"Correct! Julius and Bertha make the contract. Julius and Bertha administer the sacrament."

"Father," said another, "I have a difficulty."

"Out with it."

"The sacraments were all instituted by Christ. But people have

been getting married for four thousands years before the coming of Christ."

"They had been performing the contract of marriage," the priest explained, "but had not been receiving the sacrament of marriage. Christ raised the contract of marriage to a sacrament. Since then, whenever a Christian man and woman validly perform the contract of marriage, they thereby necessarily administer and receive the sacrament of marriage."

"What about people who are not Christians—not baptized?"

"None of the other sacraments can be validly administered to anyone who has not yet received Baptism. Therefore, when unbaptized persons marry, they make the contract but do not receive the sacrament of Matrimony. They are in the same condition as those who lived before the coming of Christ. They are validly united, but they do not receive the graces flowing from the sacrament."

"Does the sacrament of Matrimony give grace just like Holy Communion or Confirmation?"

"Precisely! It is a sacrament of the living. Therefore one must be in the state of grace when receiving it, otherwise he would commit a sacrilege. Those who receive it worthily, free from mortal sin, receive an increase of sanctifying grace, that is, their souls become holier, more beautiful and pleasing in the sight of God. They also receive sacramental grace, that is, the special divine assistance for which the sacrament was instituted. In the case of this sacrament, the sacramental grace consists in special light and strength from God to enable them to live together until death in mutual love and mutual forbearance and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God."

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Nobody ever added up  
The value of a smile;  
We know how much a dollar's worth  
And how much is a mile;  
We know the distance of the sun,  
The size and weight of earth;  
But no one here can tell just  
How much a smile is worth.

## The Paths of Light

JOHN LAWSON STODDARD: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

It was the war that brought him face to face again with the old problems. The outbreak of it in 1914 found him in one of the warring countries of Europe, thrown into the midst of hostilities. Death was all around him, and though life is a great teacher, death, he found, is a still greater one. To see thousands of brave souls hurried into eternity day after day and every hour of the day stirred him from his indifference and made him ask his soul some searching questions about God and immortality.

### THE AWAKENING.

"Hence, little by little," he tells us, "a mysterious Power, which I now humbly recognize as the grace of God, constrained me to confront once more the awful problems I had shunned so long. To-morrow I, too, might be dead; my dear ones might also be slain; my own home might be shattered to a mass of ruins. Surely the time has come for me to settle once for all my attitude towards the Omnipotent Maker of the universe, one tiny part of which was my own soul. However hopeless the attempt I felt forced to make it."

A brief survey of our modern home-life, of the Press, of our public system of education and of the religious conditions of various lands, brought him settled convictions on one point at least. He writes:

"As for myself, I felt convinced, through close acquaintance with a war-cursed, irreligious world, that we had come to this lamentable state through our neglect of God and through a lack of moral and religious training; and I was therefore anxious to be one of those who turned their faces upward towards the Divine and Supernatural, rather than one of those who in despair were ready to 'curse God and die.' Hence, having reached this point, consistency compelled me to go further and seek material for the reconstruction of my long-lost faith."

This was the awakening of John Lawson Stoddard, materialist and atheist and for long years practical indifferentist. He followed the leading of grace. Upward through doubts, difficulties and prejudices he worked his way to faith.

## SEARCHING FOR THE LIGHT.

After this awakening we find Stoddard picking his way carefully, from stepping stone to stepping stone, to the very altar of truth. He shirked no difficulty and did not permit himself to be overcome by weariness in his laborious search.

It is a real romance of the mind—with its incidents and episodes, its crises and climax—of deepest interest to every thoughtful reader.

We can follow him step by step on his way till he stands within the shadow of the Church.

## THE FIRST STEP.

"First of all," he begins, "could I believe in God?" It is queer that he is set on his way by one who is the father of most modern philosophical errors—Kant. "Two things," wrote Kant, "overwhelm me with awe—the starry heavens and man's accountability to God." These two—the stars and conscience led Stoddard to the knowledge of God.

"Never before had the mysteries of the sidereal worlds appeared to me so awe-inspiring. In that immeasurable realm of space, in which a hundred million suns pursue their solitary paths, what beauty, order and precision were discernible!"

And then he turned to things beneath his feet. "The same hand that guides the motion of Arcturus regulates the falling leaf. The same Divine hand paints the sunset glory and the petals of the rose. Proofs of design and wisdom, which overpower one in his study of astronomy, are just as evident in every other sphere of science. The revelations of the microscope are as marvelous as those of the telescope. The same supreme intelligence is discoverable in the infinitely small as in the infinitely great."

## THE HIGH PRIESTS OF ATHEISM.

Filled with such thoughts, he now turned to his library and thumbed again the books he once considered as a new gospel—the books that had robbed him of faith. He took Spencer, the agnostic—not his writings—but his biography. What—in the end—did the high priest of Agnosticism think of his own works? We find the answer in an interview with Spencer told by his friend, Henry Murray:

"Walking up and down the lawn," says he, "I told Spencer what a load of personal obligation I felt under to his 'First Principles,' and added that I intended to devote the reading hours of the next two or three years to a thorough study of his entire output.

"What have you read of mine?" asked Spencer. I told him.

"Then," said Spencer, "I should say that you have read quite enough." He fell silent for a moment and then added: "I have passed my life in beating the air."

#### THE TRUE SCIENTISTS.

From this sorry admission one who spent his life greatly in demolishing belief in God, Stoddard turned to the works of true scientists such as Newton, Kepler, Bacon, Siemens, Lord Kelvin, Faraday, and so on. There he found honest conviction expressed in such terms as those of Lord Kelvin: "Overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one everlasting Creator and Ruler."

And so clear are these evidences that even Darwin, who is hailed as the prophet of evolutionism, had to admit: "Another source of conviction for the existence of God connected with reason rather than with feelings—follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking forward far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I feel impelled to look to a First Cause, having an intelligent mind, in some degree analogous to that of man."

#### GOD'S FINGERPRINTS.

So overwhelmed was Stoddard with the evidence, that all nature became eloquent of God.

"When we walk through our gardens," he says so beautifully, "and behold the tender blossoms of the apple trees, the tendrils of the ripening vines, the delicate veinlets of the iris, and the exquisitely tinted petals of the rose, can we persuade ourselves that all that floral loveliness of form and color has come to us by chance, or through 'unconscious chemistry'? Nay, would not such an origin be infinitely more improbable than an origin attributable to the will and purpose of a wise, beneficent Creator? Alas! too many of us never think at all about the origin of all these marvelous phenomena. We have become so thoroughly familiar with them, that we accept them as a matter of course, and look upon them with the heedlessness of animals."

## A WORLD WITHOUT GOD.

To him the very idea of such a thing—a world without God—seemed to be a thing of horror. If the world, even with the heaven of Christianity in it, kept active still by the Church and honest believers out of it, could nevertheless run riot as it did during the war, what would it be, if even this saving influence were destroyed?

"We may talk academically," he declares, "of a 'Godless world,' but when we really face its possibility, we find that there is nothing more appalling in its horror than the conception of a boundless universe, eternally evolving in perfect order and in full activity \* \* \* without a Mind to comprehend it or a Will to guide it!"

What the stars and the grandeur of the world taught him, he read also in an inward testimony—conscience. As for the great Cardinal Newman, so for Stoddard, too, this was an evidence having peculiar force. Conscience—"this intuitive sense of right and wrong," which "says imperiously: 'This is right, that is wrong; do the former, not the latter,'"—antecedent to and independent of experience, brought him to the conviction that there is a Supreme lawgiver, author of all moral law, who is God.

## THE OLDEST OF MYSTERIES.

Here the oldest and most profound of mysteries loomed before him: "If God is really the personification of perfect justice and goodness, how can you account for the presence here of so much suffering and evil?"

What was his solution? "That God *allows* evil to exist here is indisputable; but it is part of the great scheme of giving man free will. Man's freedom of choice leaves the door open to the possible entry of evil and to a certain extent explains its presence."

In fact, in it he finds two points for an explanation. First, man freely brings on a great many of the evils that appal us: "There is no doubt that much the greater share of human misery and degradation is the result of man's own wickedness and folly. His own deliberate choice makes of this earth too frequently a scene of cruelty and crime." Witness war; witness our daily papers!

But on the other hand, man sometimes wills to sacrifice himself, to suffer voluntarily for others, and even for their sake to encounter death; and this is recognized as the best and noblest in man's character, precisely because being free to make the sacrifice or not, he chose



to make it." This, too, accounts for the fact that God allows evil to exist—to try or to bring out virtue.

"As for the pain and misery over which man has no control," and there are some which are such, "let us concede this presents a problem that we cannot solve."

But two things must be borne in mind. First of all, even in the admission of the greatest scientists, we are "profoundly ignorant of everything except phenomena." "If," he concludes, "the words of these scientists do not mean that we are, in the sight of God and His government, dependent, ignorant children, what do they mean?" So many of these apparent evils may be for our good.

At any rate, it only points all the more clearly to one thing, to which an inborn and irresistible conviction bears witness, namely, that: Right *must* be rewarded and Wrong punished, if not here, then elsewhere."

And so he stood before eternity. This conclusion led him logically to man's immortality.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### PENS WARNING; ENDS HIS LIFE

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"I want to appeal to all young men to start right and keep right. I have made a failure of it and have gone wrong. Don't get away from God, little by little, because after a while you will be so far away that you won't be able to get back."

This was the written advice to his fellow men found in an unaddressed envelope lying in the room of Martin D. Fitch, world war veteran, who killed himself in the hotel. The body was shipped to his home in Nebraska for burial, but the letter, which came into the hands of the coroner, was given to the public. Another eloquent plea for a return to God, before "it is too late!"

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Every choice that is made develops a tendency to choose in the same direction. The law of habit reigns in the moral order as truly as the law of gravitation in the physical.—*Maturin*.

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Man must form good habits to conquer bad, habits of resistance to overcome cowardly habits of surrender.—*Maturin*.



## The Door That Opened

### WHEN ALL OTHERS HAD CLOSED

J. W. FENNELLY, C.Ss.R.

Wisconsin State Highway 19 thought it best to continue straight east; the Silver Lake road thought otherwise, and meandered off in haphazard fashion toward the south. The strange pedestrian came to the junction and entered into a debate with himself as to which of the contestants he would favor. The highway was paved with shiny, clean concrete; the road, with dusty macadam, rough, hilly and filled with ruts. Traffic was thick and speedy on the highway, the road was comparatively deserted. Arguments were about even both ways; he tossed up a trousers button in lieu of a coin and "heads" won. He took the meandering road.

Rounding a corner, or better one of the numerous bends, he came upon a country school, whose classes had just been dismissed for the afternoon. Immediately a crowd of lusty lads were running after him, exchanging comments as they ran.

"Gee, fellas, look at the hair! Betcha it ain't seen a comb since he was borned!"

"You tell 'em, Skinny!" responded one bare-legged youngster, who was bravely trying to see how near he could get to the stranger without being caught. "But lookee! He's got as many coats as he's got hair, almost. One, three—jimini, five of 'em! He's a walking store, only they're awf'ly old."

Instantly the group gathered together back of the pedestrian and started to verify reports. The subject of investigation stopped once and turned to say something to his followers; but at once there was a scamper to safety. A stranger, with long, dishevelled hair covered by a battered, broad-brim felt hat, that had once been black, and with a beard that hid whatever space on his face was left uncovered by the long locks that hung over his ears, and that insisted on wearing four or five coats when the thermometer was registering a comfortable 70 degrees in the shade, and who, moreover, was armed with a powerful looking walking stick with a big knob on the end and with a generous assortment of smaller knobs along its entire length, was no person to be trifled with.

The stranger looked after them for a time, then shouldering his pack again, began to trudge on his way. He had hardly proceeded a dozen yards before the same crowd of boys was hurrying after him; this time, however, without shouting their comments.

Suddenly, they heard a swish over their heads, and a large, over-ripe tomato came hurtling through the air. It struck the old man's hat squarely, spread its crimson contents over the entire surface and knocked it to the ground. His head, with its mass of tangled hair, looked like the mane of a lion, and as he dropped his bundle and shook his hair, the sight was fear inspiring. He looked at his hat, then in the direction from which he supposed the missile had come. The boys huddled together in fear. His anger, though subdued, seemed terrible.

Without more ado, he went over to the side of the road, seated himself on the grass-covered bank, put his chin in his hands and looked at his hat, crushed and crimson stained, out in the road.

The boys, frightened, turned back and left. This mysterious stranger was too much for them. If he had waved his stick, or tried to chase them, or at least shouted at them, it would not have been so bad; but that silence! Each remembered that he had some chores to do at home.

The poor fellow's head sank deeper and deeper; finally it began to nod; and he sank down on the grass to sleep. He was just about forgetting what had happened, when a light touch aroused him. The bare-legged youngster that had bravely tried to count his coats, was standing next to him, holding the hat in his hands.

"Here, y'are, mister. I tried to clean it. We didn't do it, and whoever did, is a honest-to-goodness-skunk; but I tried to clean it."

His dirty little handkerchief, stained with the mixture of dust and tomato-juice corroborated his statement. But at that, the hat made a sorry appearance. Battered, and dented and streaked with smears, it looked like a trophy of some battle.

The old fellow shot a look from beneath his shaggy eyebrows that made the boy shiver. His hand reached out and almost snatched the hat from the boy's hand.

"Sonny, what's yer name?" His voice seemed to come from his ragged shoes.

"Johnny—Johnny Reynolds, s—sir!" answered the boy as his bare

feet began to slide, one back of the other, in the first motions of a strategic retreat.

"Well, Johnny—don't get scared—I want to tell you that you're the first one that's done me a good turn in many a day. Come over here and I'll tell yer a story."

The boy hesitated, but something in the man's eye belied his otherwise ferocious appearance, and soon he was seated beside him on the grass.

"Once upon a time, I was like you; and I went off from home to study for a profession; the most wonderful profession on earth. Can you guess what it was?"

"I dunno, sir. What's a profession?"

"A fancy kind of a job, like a doctor."

"Maybe it was a street-car conductor or a policeman in a big city; that's what I want to be. They got nice suits."

The stranger laughed—the laugh, however, was more like a hollow bark.

"It was more wonderful than either of those, although," he added quickly as he saw the hurt look on the boy's face, "they do have nice suits. Anyhow, I studied in a big college for years, six of them; then something happened and I had to leave, and the door was closed after me—against me. And I went home and found that the news had got there ahead of me, and the door there was closed—against me! And I went out into the world to earn my living, but somehow, the doors were always closed against me. I have traveled all over the world; I've been all over this United States several times; I have seen much and stood a good deal. To-day, I had the pleasure of having a kind deed done for me—and I feel good—and boy—" his gruff voice trembled, and his eyes seemed to shoot streams of fire from beneath the overhanging eyebrows—"I want to say, I thank you and may God bless you, and may the doors that open toward your opportunities never close on you. I am going to pray for you; it's my only thanks; and I want you, sonny, to say a bit of a prayer for me, to-night. Maybe I'll need it, special."

The boy said nothing but he felt peculiarly solemn. A little chill ran up his spine at that word "special." His young imagination, inspired by surreptitious reading of sundry dime novels, visioned all sorts of weird interpretations lurking under that word. He ran off

home, and started his share of the praying in action while he performed his evening errands. At the same time, an unusual glow of "goodness" came over him at the thought that he had performed a genuine act of charity. His mother had taught him to see Our Lord in every poor and distressed person; he couldn't succeed in seeing the beautiful Lord of his holy pictures concealed under a disguise like that the stranger wore; but he was glad he helped him for Our Lord's sake anyhow.

The years rolled slowly by, as they do when they are rolling for an impetuous, ambitious boy. And with the rolling of the years, the stone to the door of opportunity rolled by, too.

In the course of time, Johnny Reynolds, aimless, care-free, bare-legged boy, was transformed into Mr. John Reynolds, be-spectacled, dignified student at St. Martin's College, with just one more year to study before entering on his course of theology preparatory to leaving for the foreign missions.

Autumn had come again; autumn in Missouri. The trees were colored in a variety of colors that can be duplicated nowhere else. The balm of Indian Summer allowed the students the free use of the playgrounds, and baseballs were still in evidence.

Along the rough, dirt road skirting the field near first base, an old figure could be discerned, hobbling slowly. Jeers and shouts from some urchins across the road attracted the boys. A stone passed over the stranger's head and landed amongst some of the students. John Reynolds looked up sharply. Over the top of the hedge, he could recognize the top of an old felt hat. He ran to the hedge; there was the acquaintance of years ago; same dishevelled hair, now almost white; same multiplicity of coats, same bundle of odds and ends, same gigantic walking-stick. A stone, thrown from across the road, struck the old man in the forehead.

Reynolds vaulted the hedge, and the urchins took to flight. The old man lurched forward dizzily; then sat down on the steep embankment bordering the road. John noted that his face was pale, what he could see of it. He caught the old man as he sank toward the ditch.

"Boy," he whispered, "are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, sir," answered John hurriedly. "And this is a Catholic college over here. When you feel stronger, I am going in for help."

The rest of the students had left the grounds when the fusilade of stones began.

"Better—go—now. I'm not going to get stronger."

John stood up, and seeing a student in the distance, whistled to him. In response to his call, the young man, realizing what was meant, went in search of one of the Fathers.

A little later, while John was holding the old man's head in his lap, the priest having just finished the prayers for the dying, he heard the weak voice trying to say something.

"Yes, sonny—when the door of your opportunity opens, don't let it close after you. Pray for me a bit; I need—it—special." Reynolds realized that the wornout brain was wandering, and in its wandering had gone back to that day in Wisconsin when as a child he had tried to help him.

"Listen," he whispered in the man's ears. "I am that boy; and I have prayed." The old man tried to sit up. He stared into the face above him.

"You! You did! All this time! Thank God!" He sank back on the grass. "Thank God! The—door—has—opened." He seemed asleep.

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### PERSONAL AUDITING

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In our school days, we were told that the Chinese paid their doctors for keeping them well; and when the client fell ill, the pay ceased till a cure was effected. Nowadays, medical practice is tending toward the same vogue. Dentists and physicians advise annual or semi-annual examination for the purpose of discovering any ailments before they have become serious.

The principle underlying such sensible practice has been advocated for centuries in the Catholic Church, only in spiritual matters. For therein lies the wisdom of having a regular confessor; one who knows the nature of your conscience in every detail; one to whom you appeal regularly for a decision on the ways and means necessary for the obviating or removal of those characteristic faults that comprise the ills of the spiritual man. Personal auditing in matters of health is a good thing; personal auditing in matters of the soul is infinitely better.

## Fairy Tales for Grown Ups

### THE LITTLE JUDGE AROUND THE OTHER CORNER

ANDREW F. BROWNE, C.Ss.R.

Once upon a time when the world was dizzy with progress; when men, bird-like, rode high above the clouds; when giant ocean-liners like miniature cities wove their paths across the ocean; when trans-continental trains with palatial appointments sped across the plains and through the hewn mountains, or thundered over the bridged rivers; when the automobile was a menace to life and a problem to traffic by its very multiplicity, and the small boy must perforce change his talisman of "lucky, lucky white horse," to that of "Lucky, lucky Ford"; when telephones and telegraphs and even trans-Atlantic Cables were yielding to the almost miraculous radio; when trade was supplanting culture, and education, science, literature and art knelt as acolytes at its shrine; when men were forsaking dogmatic religion for societies of social uplift, and social service and prohibitive legislation; when men ate and drank and were merry, nor remembered that to-morrow they must die; nor cared what might come after: in such days as these is my story laid. It is a large story, large by what it indicates; for the place, the circumstances, the characters are all types. And the story runneth thus:

#### CHAPTER I. THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.

Near the heart of the great metropolis of New York, midway between the Battery and the Times Square, close to the city's great artery of Broadway, in the shadow of its towering buildings, which solved the problem of congestion by peopling the air—a relic of the past surviving in the midst of modernity, a sad picture of the dwarfed importance of religion in a world of perverse egotism, stood the "Little Church Around the Corner." It is altogether a famous spot—famous by reason of the many who came to its ancient portals, and passed out again chapletted with orange blossoms under a mystic shower of rice. With pathetic persistence it strove to lend a dignity to marriage, which marriage was prone to fling away, at the least hint of inconvenience.

From the doorway of the little church there stepped a young couple,

wreathed in smiles of joyous happiness. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed "had gone and done it," as the saying is, and the whole world was roseate with their reflected sunshine. Busy men paused to smile at the glowing couple; young girls envied them with all their pent-up longing of youth; old women brushed away a tear for dreams that had long since slipped away to shadow-land.

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed stepped into the waiting taxi, and the groom gave directions to the driver to proceed to the Biltmore. Mrs. Newlywed put her hand ever so gently on the arm of her spouse and murmured sweetly:

"No, dear; let's go to the Waldorf."

Mr. Newlywed insisted on his view, at first good-naturedly, and then with quite an unexpected show of heat. Mrs. Newlywed was just as determined that she should have her way in the matter. The driver sat patiently waiting, as he could afford to with his meter running. The voices of the disputants reached a strident pitch; harsh names and recriminations passed between them. People paused to enjoy the scene. Suddenly out of the gathering crowd there stepped forth a long, angular individual, with sharp, beady eyes and a thin, elongated nose which could be handily injected into other people's business. He was a lawyer, and was making a specialty of just such cases as that of Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed. He handed them his card, whereon was printed the legend: "A. Pettyfog, Attorney at Law; Divorce a Specialty."

"I have been listening to your argument," he added blandly, "and I think I can help you out of this difficulty."

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed stared.

"It is quite evident," went on Pettyfog, "that you two young people are never going to agree. You are simply not properly mated; and you must not imperil your future happiness by attempting the impossible. Now I am a sort of philanthropist, and in the interest of yourselves and the human race, I suggest that you obtain a divorce without any unnecessary delay."

"Now look here, Mr. Pettyfog," said Mr. Newlywed, "I'll thank you to mind your own business. I am quite capable of taking care of my own affairs."

Mr. Pettyfog bowed gallantly to Mrs. Newlywed.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured; "I did not wish to intrude,



but I cannot see a lady in distress without at least making an attempt to help her. I am very sorry for you, madam. If you wish to discuss this matter with me, you may call at my office."

"There is no time like the present," said Mrs. Newlywed, "and indeed, judging from my husband's temper, I think it is to my interest to hear what you have to say." This with a glare at Mr. Newlywed. Newlywed muttered something profane, and slouched back against the cushions of the taxi. Mrs. Newlywed continued:

"I don't really think I should care to get a divorce. I do not like the publicity of the thing. Since Mr. Newlywed and I cannot get along, it is best that we separate, without any formality whatever."

"But, my dear lady," said Pettyfog, "you are not going to ruin your entire life on account of this slight mistake you have made. You have a right to happiness, to a home, and to the position of a respectable married woman of to-day. And besides, you must consider your heart in the matter. Are you going to deny yourself the supreme happiness of mutual love? If you are not, you must marry again, for society does not brook an open breach of the custom of marriage."

"And as for the publicity, there is really nothing to that nowadays. Time was when people went to Reno for a divorce, and the process did attach an unjust stigma to them. But that has all been changed now. You can get a divorce in any city of the country, and the thing is so common that no one pays the least attention to it. Why, last year in Chicago, there was an average of six divorces an hour for the year. I believe one out of every four marriages ended in a divorce. New York has almost an equal record. In St. Louis, they have what they call "Bargain Day" in the court of domestic relations. Not so long ago they gave out sixty-three decrees on one Thursday. That was not a record, you understand, but it represented a pretty fair day's work. There are according to the latest statistics about 160,000 divorces granted annually in the United States. So you see there is no need to fear publicity."

Mrs. Newlywed looked relieved.

"Where can we get the divorce?" she asked.

"I have a friend," said Mr. Pettyfog, "just around the other corner, Little Judge Divorcem. He will fix it for you in a few minutes."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Newlywed, "this thing has gone far enough. I'm not hide-bound in the matter of religion; but divorce



isn't right; and I'm not going to be a party to it. The Almighty said, speaking of marriage, 'What God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' If my wife feels that she cannot get along with me, of course, granting that she has sufficient cause for the complaint, she does not have to live with me. But as for divorce and re-marrying, it looks to me pretty much the same thing as legalized adultery."

"O, come now," said Pettyfog, "that is quite reactionary. I haven't any quarrel with religion. It is all right in its own place; but it is just not up with the present age of enlightenment. How in the world can the mummerly of a muttered ceremony render it right for a man to live with a woman, and bind them together for life, if nature did not intend them to mate? After all, nature is the great law. Marriage is founded on love; and where love does not exist, there is no true marriage, even if you have a hundred church ceremonies. Really the ceremony has nothing to do with it. It is only on account of these old fashioned ideas that we have the formality of a ceremony at all. The time is coming when a man will be free to live with any woman he truly loves. Love is the only thing which gives the proper sanctity to marriage."

"Well," said Newlywed, "if that time does come, it will only be when men have generally rejected God's revelation, and anything like a definite religion. Seems to me that the Almighty knew better what He was talking about on this matter than hair-brained lawyers and legislators. And I am more inclined to stick to the Bible as God's word than to follow these new-fangled ideas of modern life."

"A very pretty thought," said Mr. Pettyfog, "and not at all badly expressed. But you see that it is not at all generally accepted that the Bible is the word of God at all, and besides who is going to tell us just what it means? The Bible is a wonderful book of devotion, but it was written ages ago, and we can't afford for religious sentiment to let it obstruct the march of modern progress."

"Good Lord!" said Newlywed, "what is the world coming to! I once heard a Catholic priest say that the great trouble with Protestantism is that its members don't know and can't know what to believe, because there is no one with a divinely constituted authority to explain God's revelation to them. Catholics seem to understand this matter of marriage quite well enough. They don't seem to have any doubt about God's wishes in the matter. They won't stand for divorce in

their Church, and by the Holy Pink-toed Prophet, I think they are right."

"True," said Pettyfog; "the Catholics have a well organized system. But even they cannot stem the tide."

"Then God help the country!" said Newlywed with unfeigned horror.

"Come," said Mrs. Newlywed to Pettyfog; "let's go to the Little Man Just Around the Other Corner."

#### CHAPTER II. THE LITTLE JUDGE AROUND THE OTHER CORNER.

Judge Divorcem was a national figure. His court was just around the other corner, or around any corner in the city or in the country. His services were much in demand. Young couples, old couples, middle-aged couples, all came to his court; the mills of divorce were set in motion, and the party of the first part went away triumphant with a decree couched in the most dignified legal terms, which declared the marriage of the said party of the first part null and void to all practical intents and purposes, and was documentary evidence that, the said party of the first part was eligible once more to remarry without fear of prosecution for bigamy. Judge Divorcem found that it was slightly incongruous with the traditional dignity of his position to make such a sad mockery of the ancient institution of marriage. He often said that he didn't altogether approve of it; but he didn't make the law; all he did was to dispense it. So the fault really wasn't his. At the same time the judge did not do anything very positive to procure a change in the law, as he might possibly have done.

Mrs. Newlywed and Mr. Pettyfog reach the court, with Mr. Newlywed sullenly bringing up the rear, just when the judge was exceptionally busy grinding out decrees. On the frosted glass of the door was printed in large letters: "Judge Divorcem, Ubiquitous Granter of Divorce."

"This is the place," said Mr. Pettyfog.

As Mr. Pettyfog prepared to open the door, a middle aged gentleman with a wholesome countenance, always half atwinkle and half serious stepped up to Mrs. Newlywed:

"Beg pardon, Madam. But I notice that you have just been married and that you are evidently intent upon getting a divorce. Would you let me talk to you for a few minutes, very few? My name is Mr. Common Sense."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Newlywed, following him into his office, next to the court room. Mr. Newlywed still trailed. Mr. Pettyfog glared.

"Now," said Mr. Common Sense, when they were seated; "you'll excuse me for saying that you were just about to do a very foolish thing. And one of the evils of divorce courts to-day is that it leads people to do in haste what they often repent of at their leisure. When young people are in love they very naturally do not see any fault in the object of their affection; and when after marriage they discover that, like all human beings, even their beloved one has his or her faults, their first thought is to hurry to the divorce court. What they should do is to give their marriage at least a fair trial. Give and take, bear and forbear; and then they will find that as they grow in understanding of one another, while their love may not be so romantic, it will grow deeper and stronger."

Mrs. Newlywed was visibly affected; Mr. Newlywed was looking on her with pleading, hungry eyes.

"And that is not all," said Mr. Common Sense. "There are other and more fundamental reasons why divorce is bad, as my partners, Mr. Experience and Mr. Good-of-the-Race will tell you."

The two gentlemen who were waiting, came over and shook hands.

"Seems like people to-day can't learn a thing by experience," said Old Man Experience. "They see, or ought to see the effects of certain things; but they just go on blindly, led by personal, selfish reasons, and not seeming to care for the consequences. Now divorce is making society rotten to the core to-day, as anyone can see with half an eye. I have learned that the easier it is to secure a divorce, the more people want to try it. Also that with our present divorce laws, many people take matrimony at a flying leap, without any serious thought or consideration. Furthermore, it takes all solemn dignity out of marriage for men and women cannot continue to esteem highly what is held so cheap by the law of the land. If we had no divorce and re-marrying, people would set about getting married in a serious way, and as a consequence they wouldn't want to be divorced, but would be happier without the temptation, and better fitted to adapt themselves by making allowance for each other's defects."

Mrs. Newlywed was very meek now, but she made a last effort to show her independence.

"But surely," she said, "you wouldn't condemn a woman to live with a man who acted like a brute!"

"No," said Mr. Good-of-the-Race, breaking in; "no more than I would oblige a man to live with a woman who is impossible. But it is one thing to separate, and quite another to get married again during the lifetime of the other party. Certainly," he continued, "if we look only at the individual case, and make sure to make an exaggerated case, we would be inclined to say, 'Give this poor woman a divorce from that brute, and let her marry a real man.' But the trouble is, that marriage is such a fundamental institution of the human family that we can never consider the individual good apart from the good of the race. Divorce not only does all that, Mr. Experience told you, but it breaks down the very institution of marriage. Even at present marriage is little more than a sham; and free love is not only un-Christian, not only barbaric, but it is positively immoral. Furthermore, the evils unhappily do not stop with the couple in question, since divorce either prevents the first object of marriage, the increase of the human race, or it throws children pell-mell on the community without the care of a father and a mother, which nature and God intended they should have."

At all events, that scene had a very happy ending. Mr. Common Sense, and Old Man Experience, and Mr. Good-of-the-Race shook hands all around. Judge Divorcem had one less case on the docket, and Mr. Pettyfog lost a fee.

"Where shall we go, John?" said Mrs. Newlywed tenderly.

"It doesn't really matter, Dear," said Mr. Newlywed, "as long as you are with me."

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The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest of learning is by easy reading; but a book that comes from a great thinker is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and beauty.—*Parker*.

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Next to Jesus Himself, Mary knew best the sad effects of sin and more than any other Mary can instill into our hearts the joy of eternal hope.—*Whelan*.

## His Honor The Halfback

### CHAP. VI. THE FIRST GAME

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Summer had vanished seemingly by magic. Red and gold had replaced the green on the leaves, the sun appeared to shudder behind heavy woolen masses of clouds and the air had a crispness about it that urged pedestrians to quicker pace, painted cheeks a ruddy hue and gave additional brightness to youthful eyes.

From all parts of the country, bits of news filtered in, of squads trained for preliminary football "battles," of coaches' optimistic predictions for the season, of sundry outstanding stars and their marvelous showing during the final days of training. Baseball was dead as far as the colleges were concerned; the football season needed but the opening blast of the referee's whistle to set it in full swing.

The Reverend Thomas Flynn leaned back in his office chair as he had done on one auspicious occasion some months previous to this. But he failed to chuckle this time. The faint sounds of football practice failed to arouse any interest in him. Before him on his desk lay a pile of papers; some of them lecture notes, others, reports from the various class-rooms. These latter were the object of his special attention and as he looked at them, his lips tightened.

"It's the way of the times, I suppose," he remarked, half aloud. "The whirl of youth obscures all idea of proportion. Think of the interest and energy expended on a game, and the lack of interest in the things that really count in life. Now, if half of that energy were put into their studies, we would have a college of prodigies and still run the other schools a good race in athletics. What used to be—but there I go, harping on the old days!" Surprised at his own voice, he lapsed into silence, lit a pipe and began to think.

He hated to do it. The entire college was interested in the football team and its prospects for the season. After years of effort on the part of alumni and leading students, that intangible asset to college life called "school spirit" had been aroused. To block the chances of the team by putting unforeseen obstacles in its way would be to throw a damper on the enthusiasm of the whole crowd. But on the other hand, principle was at stake. Merriday and McClellan were seriously

deficient in class work. They had failed in their examinations in June, had done better in the private examinations held later and now were as bad off as ever. The priest puffed vigorously, and in the cloud of blue smoke, his decision seemed written. His face grew grim as his resolution took shape. He would call the coach in for a conference and have the two removed from the team. One such lesson, he thought, might make a lasting impression on them, and after all, their life-work and their characters were at stake.

Out in the stadium, preparation had been made for a record-breaking opening game. Over the north goal, bunting of red and white had been draped in honor of the visiting St. Charles' College team; the south goal bore the blue and gold of the home team. Just before the game, the team headed by Dunbar had revived an old traditional custom and marched around the visitor's bench on the field. They called it, "putting the jinx on the visitors." Meanwhile the college band was keeping the chilled audience interested. Among the ten thousand spectators that had turned out to see the game, the two hundred visiting students made a small impression. But their cheer leaders were soon in action, and the novelty of their cheers soon drew the attention of the crowd. What they lacked in numbers, they made up in energy and originality.

Dunbar had assembled his charges for a final talk before the varsity eleven would run out for warming-up practice. Ted hung in the background shamefacedly and angry. He had failed to make the team, in spite of his efforts. Age and experience had told against him, according to the explanation of Dunbar. And, of course, he was supposed to know. At the same time, he felt as though he had been cheated; positively defrauded of something that was rightly his. Kennedy and Kelly said nothing; but their very appearance showed they were thinking a good deal. Kennedy knew that Merriday was not in condition; in fact, had never been in condition at any time during the entire training season. As for McClellan, he was not certain, but he felt that since the two were cronies, if Merriday broke training so consistently, his Damon or Pythias, as you will, did likewise. Cronin spent the time while Dunbar was talking in tying his shoes; and Mike Coraza stared straight at the coach as though he were debating the question of that gentleman's sanity.

"Something's wrong around here," muttered O'Rourke to himself,

as he wound tape around Timmon's ankle. "The air's charged with electricity or trouble; I don't know which."

"Think so?" queried the player nonchalantly.

"Think!" grunted the trainer; "I know it. Wait."

As though that were the signal, things began to happen. A student entered the room and called for Dunbar. "Father Flynn wants to see you at once!" he called.

Dunbar smothered a bit of profanity and left the room. It was just half an hour till the game would start and he felt that he needed every minute of it. What could be eating that priest anyhow to summon him at that time. A sinking sensation made itself felt somewhere in the region of his stomach as he thought of the possibilities of that interview. Meanwhile a heated argument began in the club room. Merriday and Kelly were exchanging compliments. Kennedy realized that this would lessen the chances of winning as the two were on the varsity; and other games had been lost by two enemies taking it out on each other in the course of a game. This would-not do.

"Let him alone," shouted McClellan as he saw Kennedy remonstrating with Kelly. "He has red hair; he can't help it."

Kelly swung on his heel; then recollecting something, swung back and said nothing. As a matter of fact, that morning, the quintet of friends had received Holy Communion together, and their intention had been that they would conduct themselves as Catholic gentlemen no matter what might happen in the game or out of it. Kelly went over to Ted and began chatting about some class matter.

Meanwhile, Dunbar was speeding back across the campus. As he rejoined the squad, his face was a study.

"Just about saved things," he remarked as the team crowded around him. "Father Flynn has received poor class reports about some of you fellows and had determined to throw you out of the game. He has relented this time. So Merriday and McClellan, you go in at half, for this time. We came near missing you."

"You wouldn't have missed much," grunted O'Rourke. His remark reached the ears of a few of the squad and they grinned appreciatively. But the trainer's business was to prevent or repair injured muscles; not to direct the destinies of the team; so he said nothing further.

Out on the field, the visiting team had run out for their short



preliminary practice. The substitutes had lined up on their bench; while the varsity ran off some simple plays down the field. They were a pretty team; if anything in football can be called pretty. It was their first game, too, and their red jerseys and black head-gears gleamed in the autumn sunlight as they charged and ran along the gridiron. Cheers, spontaneous cheers from the whole mass of spectators rewarded them for their efforts. This game was going to be different from the usual opening contest.

When their time was up, Dunbar sent his charges out. As the first players stepped out into the playing area, a wave of applause rolled over the crowd. The college band struck up the stirring strains of the college anthem and the words were taken up by the entire student body which was massed back of the south goal. Meanwhile the varsity, with Cronin calling the signals, were running off a few practice plays.

A little by-play at that moment gives a good idea of the temper of the crowd. O'Rourke had been detained in the club room and was late in taking his place. One of the student cheer leaders noticed this and rushed over to the bandmaster. As the gruff old trainer came out of the room, carrying his pail of water in one hand, and a cluster of towels in the other, the band struck up, "Here Comes The Bride!" O'Rourke stopped dead in his tracks and shook his fist at the mischievous lads. Nothing else was required to center the attention of the audience on him. While the spectators were greeting him with a shout of laughter, the student cheering-body gave him a "Sky-rocket." Somewhat mollified he took his place on the bench, next to Ted.

That worthy was too disgusted to do more than huddle in his blanket and hope something would happen to give him a chance. He thought at times that he heard his name; but attributed this to his nervousness. Finally, just as the teams were lining up for the kick-off, he heard it again.

"Say, lad, somebody in the stands back there is trying to reach you. Didn't know you had a lady friend; but if you have, better wipe that scowl off your face, get up and make your bow." O'Rourke snapped his advice out like a machine gun in full play.

Ted jumped with surprise. Somebody must have seen him move, for again the voice called out his name. He stood up and peered into the crowd. A waving handkerchief attracted his attention, and there,



just a few rows up from the very place where he was standing, was Julia Redden. Next to her sat his sister, Virginia. He couldn't understand this new event, promptly gave up, and after an answering wave, lurched back into his seat, beside the trainer.

"Found her, eh?" queried O'Rourke without, however, turning his head. "Atta boy!" Then there was silence.

Out on the field, the teams were battling still between the two twenty-five yard lines. The visitors had elected to kick, and Timmons had been stopped before he had gone more than twenty yards. They were a light team, but speedy. The heavier home team plunged down the field laboriously till they reached the fifty-yard line; when something went wrong. A fumble resulted and when the melee cleared up, a red jersey was hugging the ball.

St. Charles lined up in a hurry. While the slower backfield men of Dunbar's outfit were getting into their position, the clear, barking voice of the visiting quarterback could be heard calling the signals. There was a pause, then another bark. And before Timmons or Cronin could figure out where they stood, the visiting line began to hop frog-fashion in different directions; the backfield doing the same. Kelly and Kennedy plunged into the line to stop the play and were chagrined to find the man with the ball circling far out around the end. Cronin reached him after he had gone twenty yards.

They lined up again; this time Cronin played in close to be able to discover the play more quickly. O'Rourke grunted when he saw this. The signals snapped as before; the same pause followed; the same peculiar hopping to new positions, and the ball was snapped. Kelly and Kennedy were off like lightning; they played like twins. Just as Kennedy threw himself at the man with the ball, that worthy passed it forward to where one of his team-mates was standing, just back of the place Kennedy had left in the line. Before Cronin reached him, he had advanced ten more yards.

O'Rourke grinned and muttered one word, "Rockne stuff." He was an old Notre Dame man and he recognized the elements of the famous shift that had made the mid-West team so famous. Ted groaned as he saw those red jerseys approaching the goal. Dunbar was moving along the side-lines till one of the players warned him that that was against the rules.

But the next play took his breath away. He expected that they

would follow up their success with another pass that might take them over the line. Instead, their quarterback called for a line play, just off tackle. But it worked just the same. The same clear signals, the same deceptive shift; the only difference was the reception given by Dunbar's team. He saw his stars, Merriday and McClellan, scatter toward the ends; he saw Kelly close in as though he had discovered the ruse. He saw two of the visitors charge on his red-headed end and carry him a short distance out of the way; not far, true; but enough for their purpose. He groaned.

The following play began the same as usual; but the shift was different. It seemed as though the visitors were tired of the game and had decided to go for a stroll. The front line was extended for yards beyond the usual extent. As a natural consequence, Merriday, McClellan and Timmons spread out, too. Cronin suspected that the play was to be a line play in an effort to cross the goal line, so he remained in his position as safety man. The ball was snapped and the whole backfield of the visiting team seemed in a turmoil. Suddenly one man shot out toward right end. Kelly saw he did not have the ball and let him go, but both Merriday and McClellan were deceived and chased after him, leaving the center open. It was just as they had planned; the rest of their backfield closed in around the runner, carried Coraza out of the play and let the man with the ball go free toward the goal. He ran like lightning, and all Cronin could do was to dive at him—and miss.

After that there was a lull. The home team got the ball and while they did not approach the goal line, still they did not fumble. On the other hand, several fumbles by the visitors, together with Kelly's efforts at punting, kept the visitors from scoring again that half.

When the referee's whistle finally blew for the end of the half, Dunbar was waiting for them at the side-lines. All the invective he could command was showered on them in an endless stream of bitterness. Then while they went into the dressing room to clean some of the mud and dust from their faces, Kennedy went up to him.

"Say, Dunbar, how about giving Collins a chance. He's as good as any you have on the squad, and if we are going to win at all it will have to be with his passing. Those fellows simply have the drop on us. They go through the line as though it were made of paper, although we are heavier than they."

Dunbar thought for a moment, then turned to call Ted. But Ted had gone up to the barrier separating the lowest grandstand seats from the playing field in order to talk to his sister. Julia Redden came down to the fence with her, and there the trio were conversing in a desultory fashion when Ted heard the coach's caustic voice calling him.

"I guess it means my chance," he remarked to Virginia, as he turned to go.

"Go in and win, Ted; we're with you." He looked back to see who had spoken and noticed that Virginia had her back turned. It was his enemy's sister that had spoken; she waved her handkerchief when she saw that her words had reached him. Ted was nonplussed. He would replace what was supposed to be her fiance.

Meanwhile the team was assembling to go on the field for the second half of the game.

"Pshaw, we can't wait for that lady's man. Merriday, go in at half," barked Dunbar. Kelly turned and looked at him; Kennedy stopped short in surprise. It was the first time that Dunbar had deliberately crossed him. The rest of the team, with the exception of the backfield men, were muttering as they went on the field.

"Swell chance we have to get this game with the bunch feeling this way," remarked Kelly to his captain as they walked across the field.

"You bet," answered Kennedy emphatically. "Might as well cut off a man's head, and then tell it to do the thinking while his feet ran the errands. That trio we have in the backfield are worth ten cents or nothing."

"And a bargain at that," added Kelly. "Look at 'em giving each other the fraternal soft soap. I see where that trio pulls with the rest of the team like a Missouri mule hitched up with a gazelle."

There was not time for further conversation. Both teams lined up for the kick-off. St. Charles received, and Kelly had the man in a hurry. Their trick shift did not work so well this half as the line-men were desperate and broke through. Three downs found them with still nine yards to go. But still they did not look worried. Again the familiar shift swung into action, the ball was snapped as though for a punt. This time, however, both Kelly and Kennedy on the ends found themselves blocked by two opponents each. They had figured

that if they could hold back these two speedy ends, the rest of the work behind their line would be simple. They figured well.

Cronin had dropped back for the punt, leaving Timmons farther to the front. The ball reached the hands of the fullback of the visitors' team, but he did not kick. Taking careful aim, he shot a beautiful pass, straight as an arrow and far down the field. Farther the ball flew, and underneath it as it began its descent raced two players, one in red and the other in blue. Suddenly two red clothed arms shot up, and gathered in the ball. The next instant a pair of sturdy blue arms had brought him to the ground. But the pass had made forty yards for the visitors. They were now within striking distance of the goal. The play, moreover, had demoralized the defensive, and the next three plays brought the visitors to the fifteen yard line.

Then Dunbar sent out Ted to substitute for Merriday.

Kennedy grinned a welcome, but said nothing. The substitution made, play began again. Again the visitors tried a pass, but it was intercepted by Ted. He was fresh and they were tired, and he was, moreover, desperately ambitious.

After the first play, Kennedy called in the ends and Ted for a consultation. It took but a moment and play began again with Coraza striding the ball. The stands had seen the hurried conference and grew silent with expectation. Even the cheer leaders forgot their duties. Kelly threw off his headgear; he seemed to be fearfully in earnest now.

The signal called, the ball sailed back to the waiting Ted, who, according to the accepted logic of the game, was supposed to punt. Far down the field he could see the two safety men waiting for the punt. But over to one side, he saw a flaming red head push through the line, race across the field till he stood directly in front of him, and then shoot a long, blue-colored arm high in the air. And with that the ball was on its way. A straight, low pass that reached Kelly's outstretched arms just as three of the opposing players bore down on Ted and crushed him to the earth.

Kennedy had noticed Kelly's maneuver and checking his course, joined him to form some sort of protection against the remaining two players. The first, Kennedy bowled out of the way, but lost his balance doing so, and Kelly was left to himself. Down the field that blue sweater and red head ran. The fullback closed in on him and dove. The students in the stands groaned. Then they gasped. Kelly had

stopped short, allowed the flying figure to float past him, and was now on his way to the goal with most of the other team strewn out in pursuit. He crossed the line easily and soon the score was tied, 7 to 7.

After the next kick-off, the combination of the vacation time began working. Pass followed pass in quick succession and the plays became a procession down the field for another touchdown. Then Kelly turned his ankle, a substitute was sent in and the combination was broken. Still the game remained even, till near the end of the half, when Dunbar sent in Merriday again. The team had just been penalized heavily and were in the shadow of their own goal. Merriday on the next play fumbled; the ball went into the possession of the visitors, who promptly worked the old shift again and sent the ball over for another touchdown and victory.

Ted reached home after the game feeling somewhat despondent. The family had heard most details of the game from Virginia and were ready with a volume of questions. But Ted was silent.

"You were not a hero, evidently," remarked his father dryly, after one of his son's noncommittal answers.

"No, sir; just did my best. If all of the others did as much—"

"Son! Never get into the habit of giving such an alibi as that." Mr. Collins' tone was stern. He did not want to see his son become a poor loser; it was poor sportsmanship, and poor sportsmanship argued a poor character.

The telephone bell rang, charitably interrupting the conversation. Virginia answered and after a few minutes' conversation, called out to Ted.

"A message for you, Ted!" At the same time she hung up the receiver.

"For me! Well, why in thunder did you hang up?"

"Oh, dear boy, I couldn't trust your judgment. I took care of it myself and accepted."

"Accepted what?" The whole family was attentive now.

"An invitation for both of us to attend a party given by Miss Julia Redden next Tuesday. She wants to have the hero of to-day's game present." The family began to laugh.

"Good-night!" was his only comment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE COURAGE OF A LITTLE SOUL

When Blessed Soeur Therese, "the Little Flower," was in her last illness, and racked with pain, a Sister approached her bedside, and seeing her suffering, said:

"Your sufferings are terrible!"

"No," answered the "Little Flower," "they are not terrible; can a victim of love find anything terrible that is sent by her Spouse? At each moment He sends me what I am able to bear—nothing more—and if He increases the pain, my strength is also increased. But I could never ask for greater sufferings—I am too little a soul; besides, being of my own choice, I should have to bear them without His help, and when left to myself I have never been fit for anything."

Were we to meet sufferings and trials in such a way, we would find all the bitterness taken out of them.

## THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN SAILOR

"Lives of great men oft remind us, we can make our lives sublime," and the life of Admiral William Hemsley Emory, as narrated by his biographer, Admiral Gleaves, is one such. Through the pages of this intimately personal life story runs the gold of a character that was thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly American. One letter, written while the Admiral commanded one of the divisions of the fleet that went around the world, testifies to the sterling Catholicity that was his. The occasion was one of the numerous ecclesiastical festivals that feature the annual round of Catholic life in Peru. There was question of the Admiral's going; what decided him was not his likes or dislikes in the matter, but principle:

"Callao, Peru, Feb. 26, 1908.

"The enclosed note will show you why I am going to Lima tomorrow. I am the only officer of high rank belonging to the Church and I think I ought to go to show particularly that it is not true,

which many assert, that the Catholics are only to be found among the enlisted men. \* \* \* We have sixteen million Catholics in the United States. In our fleet of twelve thousand men, we have about five thousand. As we are united and this festival is for Catholics, I have determined to go."

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### LINCOLN AGAIN

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Dissertations on Abraham Lincoln are usually reserved for February 12 or the days immediately preceding a presidential election. But the life of the great President of the Civil War crisis, like his characteristic anecdotes, contains lessons that are valuable at any time. And one of these, an anecdote of his childhood, is especially applicable in these days of reopened schools.

"All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," he wrote in the heyday of his career. And what had she done for him?

When her hours on earth were drawing to a close, she called her son to her bedside. She had strength left but for a few words and these were to be her son's chief inheritance.

"My son," she gasped, "I am going away. I know you will try to be good and obedient. Love God and try to live as I have taught you."

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### NOT DOING A THING

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Twenty years ago, a discouraged doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, my son," said he, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his



visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had he closed the door on his last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money? What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money to support you as long as you live—yea, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

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### BENT NAILS

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"Draw the nail out carefully, my boy. Be careful not to bend it."

"I could straighten it, if I did bend it, couldn't I?"

The carpenter smiled into the earnest face of the young man who was learning the trade under his teaching.

"You might get it quite straight, but it never would be as strong as if it had not been bent. It would bend easier the next time, and you could not drive it just as true to the spot as you did at first."

It was a lesson the young carpenter never forgot—the nail which has been bent will bend easier the next time. It never is as strong to resist a blow as it was in the beginning.

The power to resist the inclination to do wrong is like a bright nail. Once bent, it will bend easier the next time. Yield to temptation today, and tomorrow you will have less strength to hold fast.

Just as long as you stand up bravely and say, "I do not think this is right; I cannot do it!" just so long the metal is strong and pure is your heart. It is easier the next time to say the same thing.

But as surely as you say, "I'll do it for this one time!" the steel is weakened and your life work endangered.—*Exchange*.

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Christian perfection consists not in the accomplishment of things wonderful \* \* \* but in the observance of common duties.—*Pius X.*



# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE WOMAN OF THE HOUR

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On October 15, the feast of St. Theresa, thoughtful Catholics will heed the Church's advice and meditate on the life and actions of one of the most remarkable women in history. Born in an age when "careers" and the "Woman Question" were still unheard of, when the so-called weaker sex exerted its influence on the world's development only from the sheltered recesses of home or convent, St. Theresa, following merely the call of God, carved a career for herself and effected great things for others, to an extent and in a manner that has never been equaled by womankind since.

Her methods were simple. Prayer for God's assistance; mortification for self-purification. And the results? A flawless life, the founding or reforming of thirty-two monasteries, and the composition of books that even after the lapse of centuries have rarely been excelled as guides in the direction of souls.

The woman of wide interests and lofty vision, ambitious to attain the fullest measure of good that her character can achieve, whether it be in the home, the public sphere of action, or the cloister's walls, would do well to put aside the aimless, highflown writings of the average "successful woman" of to-day, and look into the humble, unpretentious but well-productive career of the mediaeval "Woman of the Hour," St. Theresa.

## COIN OF THE REALM

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They count their coin, these business men. Count it carefully, count it often, and store it in vaulted chambers which all the ingenuity of human mind, aided by the strongest, most durable materials that earth can yield, have combined to make unbreakable. They are prudent.

And the world goes by outside; the unbusiness-like world, and lavishes its meager wealth in amusement and frolic and sin; counting

its coin but to give it away. For the world is heedless of business principles.

They count their beads, the gray-bearded man in his office, the young lad with one hand in his pocket on his way to school, the mother waiting for the dinner to boil, the maiden going on her daily errands, the sick, the healthy, the priest on his way to the dying, the nun in the class-room or hospital ward, the cleric laboring over his books. And they count them carefully, count them often. And into the open vaults of the Heart of Mary, these sheaves of immortal roses are poured, to be treasured against the hour of need, where locks are unnecessary and thieves unknown. They are coin cast in the mould of Mary's love; coin of the Kingdom of Heaven.

And the rest! October, the month of the Rosary, is a reminder!

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### REPENTANCE

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Recently M. Gustave Herve, formerly a French Socialist and anti-clerical leader, in a public utterance, declared:

"We were mad when we wished to demolish the Church."

"Let patriots of every philosophical or religious creed see that we have taken a wrong road. Let them stand shoulder to shoulder and organize to guard political power, and let them reconcile the republic and the Church, since it is more than apparent to all eyes that the sole great force for national and social preservation capable of checking the evil, is the Church which we have made every effort to demolish during a century and a half. \* \* \*"

It looks like a public act of contrition. Perhaps some day, but we hope not through all the suffering and bloodshed which anti-clericalism caused in France—anti-Catholic forces in America will come to a similar repentance.

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### AN IMPORTANT ANNIVERSARY

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September 17 of this year was the 136th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States.

"September 17, 1787," says one of the officers of the Constitution Anniversary Association, "may well be called the mother of our several national anniversaries."

President Coolidge likewise, in a message regarding the celebration of this anniversary, emphasizes its importance:

"The Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. So long as it is observed, those rights will be secure. Whenever it falls into disrespect or disrepute, the end of orderly organized government, as we have had it for more than 125 years, will be at hand."

When we think of the Oregon School Bill and the other school bills attempted in various states, bills that aim to rob us Catholics of the fundamental rights granted by the Constitution, we rejoice in the celebration of this anniversary. If only it would bring about a deeper study of and a greater and more practical esteem for this charter of our rights and liberties.

But—will it end in talk and pageants and festivities?

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## TWO LETTERS.

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Threats of violence on the part of the Ku Klux Klan were answered in characteristic soldier fashion by Corporal James Tanner, for twenty years registrar of wills for the District of Columbia, when he received a letter that spoke of Klan vengeance unless he removed from office a recent appointee who is a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus.

The appointee in question is John Shiel, who was made second deputy registrar to fill a vacancy.

Upon announcement of the appointment, Corporal Tanner, who is a legless veteran of the Union forces and former Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, received the following missive:

"We understand you have appointed as second deputy, a Catholic and Irishman by name John Shiel. Unless you dispense with his services at once we will be forced to apply the methods of the Fiery Cross to you. So beware! Beware!

"Grand Kleagle, K. K. K."

In his reply, Corporal Tanner minced no words about the Ku Klux Klan. He wrote as follows:

"To the Ku Klux Klan of the District of Columbia:

"Collectively or individually:

"Sirs: I received at my breakfast table this morning your undated, unsigned, cowardly, despicable communication threatening me with your vengeance because of the announcement of my appointment of Mr. John Shiel, a full-blooded, native-born American citizen, specifying that he is the object of your hatred because he is a Knight of Columbus and a Catholic.

"The first result on receiving this absolutely cowardly, contemptible expression of your bigotry is the causing in my mind of a scorn which I have not the power to express in its full measure.

"No one of your organization dares to come into my office or my home and express to my face the sentiments you sent me. Mr. Shiel will assume his duties as my second deputy on the morning of Monday next."

Leaders of the District of Columbia Ku Klux Klan disclaim any knowledge of the letter received by Corporal Tanner.

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### BREAD OR A STONE

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Statistics in education are generally dry reading; sometimes they help to pass the time; once in a while they are enlightening. In one Catholic university, with a capacity of between three thousand and four thousand students, it was estimated, last year, that about thirty per cent or more of the students were non-Catholic. In a state university not far away, out of a total attendance of seven thousand five hundred students, fourteen hundred were Catholics. Many of the students at the Catholic institution were Jews. Which gives us the basis for a little reflection. For among the various opprobrious epithets cast upon the Jew in recent times, the most notable is his alleged tendency to seize the dollar at any cost; to get his money's worth to the last fraction of a cent. But the Jewish young man deems it worth the price of tuition to forego the privilege of cheaper attendance at the university of his state and take his courses under Catholic auspices. And the Catholic young man enters the institution, whose godless doctrines endanger his faith and whose godless surroundings too often endanger his morals! Why? What is he seeking? The bread of true education; or some nameless stone?

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Temptations are the raw material of glory.—*Faber.*

# Our Lady's Page

## The Story of The Miraculous Picture

(CONTINUED)

With the destruction of their church the Augustinians were obliged to bid adieu to their beloved home, and seek shelter in the church of Santa Maria in Posterula, which church Pope Pius VII eventually committed to their care. Notwithstanding the sad circumstances that accompanied their removal, the afflicted community did not omit to take with them the Miraculous Picture they so dearly prized; but, on account of the troublous times, it was no longer exposed for public veneration, and was, therefore, soon lost sight of.

### FORGOTTEN

In this church of St. Mary in Posterula, then, the picture remained quite forgotten. Only an old lay brother, Augustin Orsetti, the last surviving member of the Augustinian Order who had made his profession in the convent of St. Matthew, remained as a witness of the former glory of the picture. He was advanced in years and the memory of the picture might have died with him.

But a young lad, Michael Marchi by name, used to visit the monastery and had frequent friendly chats with the old lay brother. The old man often spoke of the picture and its history to the lad. "Mind, Michael," he would say, "Our Lady of St. Matthew's is that which is in our private chapel." This proved later to be the link in the picture's history.

### THE REDEMPTORISTS AT ST. ALPHONSUS

In 1855, in compliance with the will of Pope Pius IX, the Supreme General of the Redemptorist Fathers fixed his residence in Rome. For this purpose he chose the old villa on the Esquiline, between the church of St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran. The villa, once the property of Cardinal Nerli, and later of the princely family of the Gaetani, was changed into a convent, and by its side was built the church of St. Alphonsus.

That very year Michael Marchi entered the Order.

## A CHANCE SERMON

In that same year, Very Rev. Father Francis Blois, S. J., was preaching a series of sermons on Our Lady at the Jesuit Church of the Gesu. His sermon on the first Saturday of February was on Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He said:

"I shall speak to-day on a picture of Our Blessed Lady, which was once famous for the miracles and cures wrought through its means, but which for sixty years past has shown no signs of the supernatural. And the reason of this, in my opinion is," he went on to say, "because for the last sixty years it has been housed away as a private possession, and is no longer exposed as in former times to the public veneration of the faithful."

Then he recounted the history of the picture and concluded with these words:

"Who knows but that the discovery of this picture is reserved for our time and that the Blessed Virgin, who loves to be known as Our Lady of Perpetual Help, has annexed to its discovery the granting of that peace and tranquillity so much to be desired. (Those were troublous times in Europe and in Italy especially.) Fortunate may they esteem themselves who can help bring about the restoration of this picture to public veneration."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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From Detroit we have received a list of favors recently, only a few of which we are able to print.

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for a great favor received. My wife was dangerously ill and had an operation. She was given up to die by the doctors. I made a novena last spring for her and promised Our Lady to receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of every month and to have five Masses said. The favor has been granted.

"Our Lady of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for having cured my sore eyes and for helping me to obtain a position. I am having two Masses said as I had promised."

"I wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for helping me to find a new position. I will have a Mass said in her honor."

## Catholic Events

Foremost in the attention of the world just now is the terrible catastrophe that has befallen Japan. But in striking contrast to the heart-rending news of the havoc wrought there, comes the glad news of the charity that has been aroused by the event. America, supposedly on the brink of war with the far eastern Empire, has contributed \$8,000,000 for its relief. And the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has sent \$20,000 to the Apostolic Delegate in Japan to aid in relief work.

\* \* \*

At the same time, the Papal Relief Commission working in devastated Russia is still continuing its labor of love in that country. The relief is now distributed from a station at Rostov. When the station at Krasnodar was closed recently, in harmony with the plan of diminishing relief according to the decrease in the necessity prompting it, there were great manifestations of gratitude on the part of the populace. And when Monsignor Smetz, Apostolic Delegate to the Caucasus, came on a visit, the people, recognizing him as a representative of the Pope, greeted him with shouts of "Long Live The Pope!" Charity, true charity, is a great educator!

\* \* \*

Clients of the "Little Flower" will rejoice at the good news that the Holy Father, in a recent rescript, has declared September 30 as the feast day of Blessed Theresa.

\* \* \*

Delegates to the Third Annual Convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, look upon the Pope's rescript as the special means of an act of Providence in their behalf. As the date set for the feast day of the "Little Flower" marks the opening of their convention. The Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan will celebrate Pontifical High Mass in the gymnasium of the Catholic University on Sunday, Sept. 30. The Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco will preach the sermon.

\* \* \*

The gathering of three thousand delegates at the annual Conference of Catholic Charities, held in Philadelphia recently, was the occasion of a stirring address by Secretary Denby on "Social Work in the Life of the Nation." He called attention to the large number of Catholic voluntary enlistments in the World War, and gave earnest praise to the "fine old Church that instills in the minds of the young, a deep and lasting patriotism." Meanwhile, the Ku Klux Klan is still up to its antics in Oklahoma and the southeastern states; and the Oregon School Law is still on the books! Plenty of room left for enlightenment!



One of the interesting features brought to light at the same convention was the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Edmond J. Butler, secretary of the society, reported that the total receipts of the society amounted to \$1,215,080; and the expenditures, \$1,172,774. The expenditures were employed entirely in charitable work. During the year, one diocesan council was formed, three new particular councils, and forty parish conferences. The society has almost 20,000 active members in the United States; 121,244 poor families were visited and given relief; 280,916 visits were made to the homes of the poor and the needy, and 21,846 to institutions. Situations were procured for 4,850 unemployed.

\* \* \*

The first seminary in the United States for the training of Negro priests was dedicated Sunday, September 16, at Bay St. Louis, Miss. The Right Rev. John E. Gunn, Bishop of Natchez, performed the ceremony of blessing the colored Mission House, which is known as St. Augustine's. The new building is a solid, three story edifice, without much ornamentation, as no money could be spared for this purpose. It is located in an area of land covering twenty-seven acres. There are about 250,000 Catholic Negroes in the United States; at present there are 775 priests and 700 Sisters devoting their entire time to working among the colored people. There are 98 churches and 155 schools that are used by colored Catholics. And from these Catholic colored churches and schools have come four colored priests and 828 colored Sisters.

\* \* \*

The Ministry of Liberated Regions in France has bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor on Abbe Lebbe, pastor of a parish in the Department of Nord. While imprisoned in a cellar with a number of Frenchmen, during the war, the priest, although unable to say Mass or read his breviary, preached a sermon to his fellow prisoners on Christmas Eve. This was the beginning of a series of similar devotions, all carried on in whispers, so as not to attract the guard outside. Many prisoners were reconciled to God through this unique ministry. After the war, the inhabitants of the village of Hem-Leglet, where the Abbe was pastor, elected him mayor, but he refused the honor. He has been the moving spirit in the work of reconstruction in the town of Roetulx, where he is now located.

\* \* \*

It is gratifying to note the vast increase in the attendance of Catholic children in Catholic schools. In many of the public schools, accommodations cannot be found for the mass of children seeking admittance. In most of the Catholic schools, an overcrowded attendance is reported. In the higher institutions of learning, even a more than complete attendance is reported. And this in spite of the great amount of building done last year. More than 165,000 students sought places in the Catholic schools of the Chicago Archdiocese, as compared with 147,000 last year. The goal, "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school," is now within sight.

Father Girault de la Cognais, of St. Thomas, in Point a la Hacht, La., saw his church burn down and then putting aside his grief, set to work to rebuild. A new church now stands in place of the burned ruins. And the pastor not only drew the plans, but helped mix the mortar and saw the lumber for the building.

\* \* \*

Four years ago, the Government of Uruguay, in imitation of the French Revolutionists, determined to abolish the celebration of all religious feast days, and to change the names of those which, like Christmas, could not be done away with on account of age and long tradition. Deputy Joaquin Secco Illa, the one Catholic deputy in the Uruguayan Parliament, in a brilliant address in debate, pointed out the absurdity of abolishing a feast like Christmas, and through his eloquence and forceful logic, had the entire bill sent back to committee; a recognized victory. It might be more to the purpose, if the Parliament would take up the question of abolishing prize-fighting, considering late developments in the ring.

\* \* \*

The seventh National Catholic Congress, the second since the war, was held at Birmingham, England. Most of the prelates of the English hierarchy were present, together with a large representation of prominent clergy and laity. Two mass meetings, one for men and the other for women, were largely attended. At the former, A. H. Pollen, G. K. Chesterton, and Shane Leslie, were the principal speakers. The delegates at the Congress directed special attention to the work of the foreign missions.

\* \* \*

But a conference, unique among gatherings of that kind, both for its size and the variety of questions discussed, was the International Catholic Conference, held at Constance. Although about twenty nationalities were represented, the majority of delegates were either French or German. These delegates freely compared their views and fraternized perfectly with each other. Which leads the correspondent of *America* to ask, why should not the Catholics the world over form a mighty league of peace. The combined influence of 300,000,000 members of such a league could not but mightily influence the world for a true brotherhood of nations. And we add, this conference shows what good can be effected when national bitterness is replaced by sincere discussion.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Patrick Joye, professor at Gonzaga University, almost lost his life in an effort to save a fireman who was drowned in the Spokane River. The priest saw the man struggling and made a desperate effort to reach him; becoming exhausted, he was barely able to save himself.

\* \* \*

The general elections to take place in Austria, on October 21, will be a test for the present government which has worked wonders for the reconstruction of Austria under the direction of the Premier, Monsignor Seipel. The socialist vote is feared.

## —THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address)

*What will be the condition in the next life of those babies, who die without baptism through no fault of their parents?*

Almighty God evidently has not thought it necessary or useful to reveal to us, what will be the exact state of infants, who die before baptism. All that we know for certain from the teaching of the Church is, that they will be excluded from the beatific vision. With regard to their exact state the Church has never made any authoritative pronouncements, but many theologians teach that these infants will enjoy a natural happiness and that they will not be saddened by the loss of the beatific vision, which is the source of the happiness of the blessed in heaven. They will not miss the loss of the beatific vision, some theologians say, because they will have no knowledge of it; others say that they will have knowledge of the beatific vision, but that they will not be saddened, because their wills will be entirely conformed to the Will of God and they will be conscious that through no fault of their own, they have missed a privilege, which is not due to them in justice and which is a free gift of God.

This is true, whether their parents have been at fault or not, but of course parents are guilty of a serious sin, if through neglect, they are the cause of their children dying without baptism.

*What is meant, when it is said that a priest is saying his breviary?*

The breviary is a book, which contains the prayers which every priest, as a public minister of the church, must daily recite for the people. These prayers are taken principally from the Book of Psalms in Holy Scripture; the breviary also contains other passages from both the Old and the New Testament, from the homilies or sermons of the Fathers of the Church, and gives a short sketch of the life of the saint, whose feast is celebrated.

This prayer-book of the priests receives its name from the Latin word: "Breviarium," which means an abridgement. It is called an abridgement because in the early centuries these prescribed prayers were much longer than at present, and when about the year 1100, on account of the increased labors of the clergy in other spiritual fields these prayers were shortened, the prayer-book itself was called the breviary or the abridgement of the longer prayer.

The breviary is also sometimes called the Divine Office. It receives this name of Divine Office or Office-book from the Latin: "Officium," which means duty or obligation, and fittingly describes the daily duty or office of the priest to pray for the people with the prayers inspired by the Holy Ghost Himself and sanctioned by the Church.

*Are there any extra indulgences granted to those who recite the Rosary during the month of October, over and above the indulgences attached to their rosaries?*

Yes. 1. Those who attend the public recitation of the Rosary during the month of October can gain an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for each recitation. If one is legitimately hindered from attending the public recitation of the Rosary in the Church, the same indulgence can be gained by saying the Rosary privately.

2. Moreover, a plenary indulgence is granted to those who assist at the public recitation of the Rosary at least ten times during the month and who receive Holy Communion and pray according to the intention of the Pope.

3. Likewise a plenary indulgence can be gained by those, who on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, the 7th of October, or on any day within the octave, receive Holy Communion and pray according to the intention of the Pope.

## Some Good Books

*Viola Hudson.* A novel by Isabel C. Clarke. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$2.00. Post-paid \$2.10.

This is a masterpiece among present day novels. The theme is almost daring. But it is worked out so well, with such perfect artistry, true feeling and deep faith, that it calls for admiration.

It is a thrilling story, full of action and emotion. But always so natural, so true, so free from all exaggeration, that one cannot help being carried along by the interest of it. Broad is the stage on which the actors move: from England to Italy to India. The charm of all is there.

The characters are real, life-like, and move through the story as on the stage of life, always doing just what could be expected of them. And such characters! Viola Hudson stands out over all the rest. She is a striking creation. In one word, it is a striking story, a distinct addition to Catholic literature.

Isabel C. Clarke has many a book to her credit that has received high praise. She has not lost her power. This is one of her greatest productions.

*The Blessed Robert Bellarmine of the Society of Jesus.* By Thomas J. Campbell, S. J. Published by The Encyclopedia Press.

The recent beatification of Cardinal Bellarmine, the great Jesuit theologian and churchman, makes this pamphlet very desirable. It is just long enough to give us an idea of the important part he played in the Church and to make us long to know more about his personality and work. We have no English life of the Cardinal—as far as I know. May we hope for one?

*What Is Wrong? or The World's Plight.* By John Losabe. Published by The Encyclopedia Press, 119 E. 57th St., New York. Price 25 cents.

This is as brief and detailed a review of the world's present condition as might be expected in a pamphlet of

35 pages. But it is done better than could be expected. It is really a meaty little paper that deserves wide reading.

*Manna Almanac, 1924, The Young Folks' Delight.* Published by the Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price 20 cents.

This is the first of the group of almanacs that yearly reach us. It is meant for the children, and indeed its make-up and its contents are really such as will interest and attract the little ones.

*The Cable.* A novel by Marion Ames Taggart. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$2.00.

"No Handicap", the last book from the pen of Marion Ames Taggart, came to us as a pleasant surprise—a strong, gripping story, one of the best books of the year.

We took up "The Cable" therefore with rather high expectations. The very make-up of the book promised much. Nor were we disappointed.

From "Chapter I. Enter Miss Cicely Adair", down to "Chapter XXV. Port", interest and action abound. Cicely Adair—the telephone girl and heroine, is a character that wins you from the start—and yet, frightens you by almost being anything but a heroine at times. There are other splendid persons to meet in the book—such as Cicely's pal, Nan Dowling—Miss Braithwaite—Mr. Lucas. And even G. Rodney Moore—apostate, divorcee, fiance of Cicely—holds your attention captive.

*The Cable* is a real addition to Catholic fiction.

*Holy Childhood Almanac, 1924.* Published by the National Office for the Benefit of Abandoned Children and Outcasts. Price, 25 cents.

Everything about this little Almanac is calculated to stir up and keep alive the missionary spirit among our school children, by interesting them in the fate of little children in Mission Lands. A beautiful and inspiring booklet.

# Lucid Intervals

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbeth nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."  
"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, and' Thursday nicht, and' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately) — "Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to suspect something?"

"Phwat was the last card Oi delt ye, Mike?"

"A spade."

"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."

"Where is the onion counter?"

"Three sniffs to the right."

"I am not going to talk long this evening," said the speaker. "I've been cured of that. The other night I was making a speech when a man entered the hall and took a seat right in the front row. I had not been talking an hour when I noticed he was becoming fidgety. Finally he arose and asked:

"Shay, how long you been lecturin'?"

"About four years, my friend," I replied.

"Well," he remarked, as he sat down, 'I'll stick around, you must be near through.'"

Lawyer (to rattled witness)—"Did you, or did you not, on the aforementioned day, Tuesday, January Nineteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six, feloniously and with malice aforethought listen at the keyhole of the third-floor rear apartment, then occupied as a residence by the defendant in

this action on Ninetieth Street near Park Avenue, and did you not also on the Friday following the Tuesday in January before referred to in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six communicate to your wife the information acquired and repeat the conversation overheard as a result of your eavesdropping on that occasion with the result that the gossip of your wife gave wide and far currency to the overheard conversation before mentioned? Did you or did you not? Answer yes or no."

Witness—"Huh?"

"It's quite a secret," said Maureen, "but I was married the other day to Pat Sullivan."

"Indeed," retorted Jane. "I should have thought you'd be the last person on earth to marry him."

"Well, I hope I am."

A clergyman tells the story of an Italian who brought his baby to be baptized.

"Now," he said, "you see you baptize heem right. Last time I tell you to baptize my boy 'Tom,' you call him 'Thomas.'"

"Thees time I want hima call 'Jack,' no want you call heem 'Jackass.'"

Judge—"Were you ever arrested before?"

Raggles—"Honest now, Judge, do I look like I was a bud, jest makin' me dayboo?"

He was a cab-driver of the old sort, called as a witness in an action for damages incurred in a street collision and, ignoring the jury he persisted in relating his version to the judge. Ultimately the latter stopped him, and observed:

"Address yourself to the jury."

So turning awkwardly to the pew in which twelve tradesmen sat scowling, he smiled, nodded reassuringly, and remarked:

"Mornin' gents; all well at 'ome, I 'ope?"